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How do you expect Fanny back?
Kisses for all the darling children. Tell
John I think of him every day.

Roxbury, March 23, 1877.

My dear Fanny:

The funeral of our lamented young friend, James Nowell, was numerously attended by a choice gathering of relatives and friends. The weather was mild but rainy, attended with several claps of thunder while I was making some remarks. Parker Pillsbury preceded me, and spoke in a very feeling and pathetic manner as one long and intimately acquainted with the family. The floral offerings were as varied as they were beautiful and fragrant. The whole proceedings were appropriate and impressive, and all hearts mingled their sympathies together, feeling the suddenness and soreness of the bereavement, especially to the stricken mother, brother and sisters. The post-mortem examination showed no special lung trouble; but there was great

inflammation of the bowels, and the liver and spleen were in a thoroughly diseased condition. No treatment, probably, could have effected convalescence.

The interment (in a neighboring graveyard) did not take place till next day.

Ellie was very helpful during the last week of James's illness, and also at the funeral. Frank was also equally serviceable in watching, &c.

Mrs. Morrill came down from Concord, N. H., to be present at the obsequies. She reports her son Thadd as a good deal of an invalid, and unable to attend to any out-door practice.

I suppose there has hardly been time, as yet, to receive from San Francisco any particulars of the voyage of the City of Chester. Her safe arrival must have brought great relief to the various companies in which she was insured.

The companionship of dear Lucy, for the last few days, must have been mutually exhilarating. An occasional change of scene is unquestionably better than medicine in her case. And this reminds me of a letter received yesterday from Wendell, by Frank, in which he states that he has already made arrangements for Lucy to accompany us to England in May, provided we conclude to make the voyage. Hitherto, in consequence of my general debility, I have not felt like giving Frank any encouragement in that direction, not merely from my dislike of the sea, but because of the heavy tax that would be likely to be laid upon my strength, both mentally and physically, by the well-intended kindness of so many competing friends. But Dr. Ashborne has just taken leave of me, having called expressly to say that, in his sincere belief and professional

judgment, such a trip is what I specifically need, and that it will do me far more good for all my ailments than any medicine I can take. His opinion is concurrent with Dr. Paine's and Dr. Blake's, and so this gives no cause for the interrogation, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" As all my children are equally ^{united} in this matter, you may say to Lucy that I hope to have the pleasure of her company across "the foaming deep" to the shores of old England, somewhere about the middle of May. There is good reason to believe that the voyage will prove beneficial to her and to Frank.

I have just received a letter from Mary Carpenter, of Bristol, Eng., stating she has heard I was coming to England this summer, and proffering Frank and myself the warmest welcome on our arrival.

Your loving Father.